FAINT NOT.....For The Tribune.

Why do I weep for the turned hours,
Or mourn the neglected Past!
Why wail o'er its sad and desolate bowers,
Or sigh for its beautiful human flowers,
Too fragile and fair to last!

The outward semblance, indeed, is flown;
"Earth, earthy," is in the dust;
But the exhaled spirit still liveth on
In bowers of beauty beyond the sun,
Immortal among the just.

Despond no longer, then, desolate heart;
Look well to thy future life—
"Time is fleeting," and "long is art;"
Wisely and faithfully act thy part,
Nor faint in the world's great strife.

For the Ages, not Hours, be thine endeavor;
Thought liveth when brains are cold;
Self from humanity thou may'st not sever,
Thou may'st perish—humanity never,
It liveth still—liveth on forever,
When systems and suns grow old.

New-York, July 31.

GLANCES AT EUROPE..No. XXX.

LOMBARDY.

Editorial Correspondence of The Tribune.

MILAN, Thursday, July 10, 1851.

LOMBARDY is of course the richest and most productive portion of Italy. Piedmont alone vies with her, and is improving far more rapidly, but Lombardy has great natural capacities peculiarly her own. Her soil, fertile and easily tilled from the first, was long ago improved by a system of irrigation which, probably from small and casual beginnings, gradually overspread the whole table land, embracing, beside that of the Adige, the broad valley of the Po and the narrower intervals of its many tributaries, which, rushing down from the gorges of the Alps on the west and the north, are skillfully conducted so as to refresh and fertilize the whole plain, and finding their way ultimately to the Po, are thence drawn again by new canals to render like beneficence to the lower, flatter intervals of Venezia and the Northern Papal States. Nowhere can be found a region capable of supporting a larger population to the square mile than Lombardy.

American Agriculture has just two arts to learn from Lombardy—IRRIGATION and TREE-PLANTING. Nearly all our great intervales might be irrigated immensely to the profit of their cultivators. Even where the vicinity of mountains or other high grounds did not afford the facility here taken advantage of, I am confident that many plains as well as valleys might be profitably irrigated by lifting water to the requisite hight and thence distributing it through little canals or ditches as here. Where a head of water may be obtained to supply the requisite power, the cost need not be considerable after the first outlay; but, even though steam-power should be requisite, in connection with the admirable Pumping machinery of our day, Irrigation would pay liberally in thousands of cases. Such easily parched levels as those of New-Jersey and Long Island would yield at least double their present product if thoroughly irrigated from the turbid streams and marshy ponds in their vicinity. Water itself is of course essential to the growth of every plant, but the benefits of Irrigation reach far beyond this. Of the fertilizing substances so laboriously and necessarily applied to cultivating lands, at least three times as great a proportion is carried off in running water as is absorbed and exhausted by the crops grown by their aid; so that if Irrigation simply returned to the land as much fertility as the rains carry off, it would, with decent husbandry, increase in utility from year to year. The valley of the Nile is one example among many of what Irrigation, especially from rivers at their highest stage, will do for the soil, in defiance of the most ignorant, improvident and unskillful cultivation. Such streams as the Raritan, the Passaic and most of the New-Jersey rivers, annually squander upon the ocean an amount of fertilizing matter adequate to the comfortable subsistence of thousands. By calculation, association, science, labor, most of this may be saved. One hundred thousand of the poor immigrants annually arriving on our shores ought to be employed for years, in New-Jersey alone, in the construction of dams, canals, &c., adequate to the complete irrigation of all the level or moderately sloped lands in that State. Farms are cheaper there to-day than in Iowa for purchasers who can pay for and know how to use them. Long Island can be rendered eminently fertile and productive by systematic and thorough Irrigation; otherwise I doubt that it ever will be.

—Much of Lombardy slopes very considerably toward the Po, so that the water in the larger or distributing canals is often used to run mills and supply other mechanical power. It might be used also for Manufacturing if Manufactures existed here, and nearly every farmer might have a horse-power or so at command for domestic uses if he chose. We passed yesterday the completely dry beds of what seemed to be small rivers, their water having been entirely drawn away into the irrigating canals on either side, while on the other bank there were grist-mills busily at work, and had been for hundreds of years, grinding by water-power where no stream naturally existed. If I mistake not, there are many such in this city, and in nearly all the cities and villages of Lombardy. If our farmers would only investigate this matter of Irrigation as thoroughly as its importance deserves, they would find that they have neglected mines of wealth all around them more extensive and far more reliable than those of California. One man alone may not always be able to irrigate his farm except at too great a cost; but let the subject be commended to general attention, and the expense would be vastly diminished. Ten thousand farms together, embracing a whole valley, may often be irrigated for less than the cost of supplying a hundred of them separately. I trust our Agricultural papers will agitate this improvement.

As to Tree-Planting, there can be no excuse for neglecting it, for no man needs his neighbor's cooperation to render it economical or effective. We in America have been recklessly destroying trees quite long enough; it is high time that we began systematically to reproduce them. There is scarcely a farm of fifty acres or over in any but the very newest States that might not be increased in value $1,000 by $100 judiciously expended in Tree-Planting, and a little care to protect the young trees from premature destruction. All road-sides, steep hill-sides, ravines and rocky places should be planted with Oak, Hickory, Chestnut, Pine, Locust, &c. at once, and many a farm would, after a few years, yield $100 worth of Timber annually, without extracting $10 from the crops otherwise depended on. By planting Locust, or some other fast-growing tree alternately with Oak, Hickory, &c., the former would be ready for use or sale by the time the latter needed the whole ground. Utility, beauty, comfort, profit, all combine to urge immediate and extensive Tree-Planting; shall it not be commenced?

—Here in Lombardy there is absolutely no farm, however small, without its bowers of Mulberry, Poplar, Walnut, Cherry, &c. overshadowing its canals, brooks, roads, &c. and traversing its fields in all directions. The Vine is very generally trained on a small tree, like one of our Plum or small Cherry trees, so that, viewed at a distance or a point near the ground, the country would seem one vast forest, with an undergrowth mainly of Wheat and Indian Corn. Potatoes, Barley, Rye, &c. are grown, but none of them extensively, nor is much of the soil devoted to Grass. There are no forests, properly so called, but a few rocky hill-sides, which occur at intervals, mainly about half way from Venice to Milan, are covered with shrubbery which would probably grow to trees if permitted. Wheat and all Summer Grains are very good; so is the Grass; so the Indian Corn will be where it is not prevented by the vicious crowding of the plants and sugar-loaf hoeing of which I have frequently spoken. I judge that Italy altogether, with an enormous area planted, will realize less than half the yield she would have from the same acres with judicious cultivation. With potatoes, nearly the same mistake is made, but the area is not one-tenth that of Corn and the blunder far less vital.

This ought to be the richest country in the world, yet its people and their dwellings do not look as if it were so. I have seen a greater number of Soldiers and Beggars in passing through it than of men at work; and nearly all work out-doors here who work at all. The dwellings are generally shabby, while Barns are scarce, and Cattle are treading out the newly harvested wheat under the blue sky. New houses and other signs of improvement are rare, and the people dispirited. And this is the garden of sunny, delicious Italy!

THE ITALIANS.

I leave Italy with a less sanguine hope of her speedy liberation than I brought into it. The day of her regeneration must come, but the obstacles are many and formidable. Most palpable among these is an insane spirit of local jealousy and rivalry only paralleled by the 'Corkonian' and 'Far-down' feud among the Irish. Genoa is jealous of Turin; Turin of Milan; Florence of Leghorn; and so on. If Italy were a Free Republic to-day, there would be a fierce quarrel, and I fear a division, on the question of locating its metropolis. Rome would consider herself the natural and prescriptive capital; Naples would urge her accessible position, unrivalled beauty and ascendancy in population; Florence her central and healthful location; Genoa her extensive commerce and unshaken devotion to Republican Freedom, &c., &c. And I should hardly be surprised to see some of these, chagrined by an adverse decision, leaguing with foreign despots to restore the sway of the stronger by way of avenging their fancied wrongs!

And it is too true that ages of subjugation have demoralized, to a fearful extent, the Italian People. Those who would rather beg, or extort, or pander to other's vices, than honestly work for a living, will never do anything for Freedom; and such are deplorably abundant in Italy. Then, like most nations debased by ages of Slavery, these people have little faith in each other. The proverb that 'No Italian has two friends' is of Italian origin. Every one fears that his confederate may prove a traitor, and if one is heard openly cursing the Government as oppressive and intolerable in a café or other public resort, though the sentiment is heartily responded to, the utterer is suspected and avoided as a Police stool-pigeon and spy. Such mutual distrust necessarily creates or accompanies a lack of moral courage. There are brave and noble Italians, but the majority are neither brave nor noble. There were gallant spirits who joyfully poured out their blood for Freedom in 1848–9, but nine-tenths of those who wished well to the Liberal cause took precious good care to keep their carcases out of the reach of Austrian or French bullets. Even in Rome, where, next to Venice, the most creditable resistance was made to Despotism, the greater part of the actual fighting was done by Italians indeed, but refugees from Lombardy, Tuscany and other parts of Italy. Had the Romans who heartily desired the maintenance of the Republic shown their faith by their works, Naples would have been promptly revolutionized and the French driven back to their ships. On this point, I have the testimony of eye-witnesses of diverse sentiments and of unimpeachable character. Rome is heartily Republican to-day; but I doubt whether three effective regiments could be raised from her large native population to fight a single fair battle which was to decide the fate of Italy. So with the whole country except Piedmont, and perhaps Genoa and Venice. I wish the fact were otherwise; but there can be no use in disguising or mis-stating it. Italy is not merely enslaved but debased, and not till after years of Freedom will the mass of her people evince consistently the spirit or the bearing of Freemen. She must be freed through the progress of Liberal ideas in France and Germany—not by her own inherent energies. Not till her masses have learned to look more coolly down the throats of loaded and hostile cannon in fair daylight and be a little less handy with their knives in the dark, can they be relied on to do anything for the general cause of Freedom.

THE AUSTRIANS.

I have not been able to dislike the Austrians personally. Their simple presence in Italy is a grievous wrong and mischief, since, so long as they hold the Italians in subjection, the latter can hardly begin the education which is to fit them for Freedom. Yet it is none the less true that the portion of Italy, unequivocally Austrian, is better governed and enjoys, not more Liberty, for there is none in either, but a milder form of Slavery than that which prevails in Naples, Rome, Tuscany, and the paltrier native despotisms. I can now understand, though I by no means concur in, the wish of a *quasi* Liberal friend who prays that Austria may just take possession of the whole Peninsula, and abolish the dozen diverse Tariffs, Coinages, Mails, Armies, Courts, &c. &c., which now scourge this natural Paradise. He thinks that such an absorption only can prepare Italy for Liberty and true Unity; I, on the contrary, fear that it would fix her in a more hopeless Slavery. Yet it certainly would render the country more agreeable to strangers, whether sojourners or mere travelers.

The Austrian soldiery, regarded as mere fighting machines, are certainly well got up. They are palpably the superiors, moral and physical, of the French who garrison Rome, and they are less heartily detested by the People whom they are here to hold in subjection. Their discipline is admirable, but their natural disposition is likewise quiet and inoffensive. I have not heard of a case of any person being insulted by an Austrian since I have been in Italy.—Knowing themselves to be intensely disliked in Italy and yet its uncontrolled masters, it would seem but natural that they should evince something of bravado and haughtiness, but I have observed or heard of nothing of the kind. In fact, the bearing of the Austrians, whether officers or soldiers, has seemed to evince a quiet consciousness of strength, and to say in the least offensive manner possible—"We are masters here by virtue of our good swords—if you dispute the right, look well that you have a sharper weapon and a vigorous arm to wield it!" To a rule which thus answers all remonstrances against its existence by a quiet telling off of its ranks and a faultless marching of its determined columns, what further argument can be opposed but that of bayonet to bayonet? I really cannot see how the despot-governed, Press-shackled, uneducated Nations are ever to be liberated under the guidance of Peace Societies and their World's Conventions; and, horrible as all War is and ever must be, I deem a few battles a lesser evil than the perpetuity of such mental and physical bondage as is now endured by Twenty Millions of Italians. When the Peace Society shall have persuaded the Emperor Nicholas or Francis-Joseph to disband his armies and rely for the support of his government on its intrinsic justice and inherent moral force, I shall be ready to enter its ranks: but while Despotism, Fraud and Wrong are triumphantly upheld by Force, I do not see how Freedom, Justice and Progress can safely disclaim and repudiate the only weapons that tyrants fear—the only arguments they regard.

LEAVING ITALY.

I have not been long in Italy, yet I have gone over a good share of its surface, and seen nearly all that I much desired to see, except Naples and its vicinity, with the Papal territory on the Perugia route from Rome to Florence. I should have liked more time in Genoa, Rome, Florence and Venice; yet sight-seeing was never a passion with me, and I soon tire of wandering from ruin to ruin, church to church, and gallery to gallery. Yet when I stop gazing the next impulse is to move on; for if I have time to rest anywhere, why not at home? Hotel life among total strangers was never agreeable to me—(was it to any one?)—and I do not like that of Italy so well as I at first thought I should. The attendance is well enough, and as to food, I make a point of never quarreling with that I have; though meals far simpler than those served at the regular hotel dinners here would suit me much better. The charges in general are quite reasonable, though I have paid one or two absurd bills. It was at first right pleasant to lodge in what was once a palace, and I still deem a large, high, airy sleeping-room, such as we seldom have in American hotels, but are common here, a genuine luxury. But when with such rooms you have doors that don't shut so as to stay, windows that won't open, locks that won't hold, bolts that won't slide and fleas that won't—ah! won't they bite!—the case is somewhat altered. I should not like to end my days in Italy.

As to the People, if I shall seem to have spoken of them disparagingly, it has not been unkindly. I cherish an earnest desire for their well-being. They do not need flattery, and do not, as a body, deserve praise. Of what one sometimes called the "better classes," (though I believe they are here *no* better,) I have seen little, and have not spoken specially. Of the great majority who, here, as everywhere, must exert themselves to live, whether by working, or begging, or petty swindling, I have seen something, and of these certain leading characteristics are quite unmistakable. An Italian Picture-Gallery seems to me a pretty fair type of the Italian mind and character. The habitual commingling of the awful with the paltry—the sacred and the sensual—Madonna and Circé—Christ on the Cross and Venus in the Bath—which is exhibited in all the Italian galleries, seems to be an expression of the National genius. Am I wrong in the feeling that this perpetual (and often execrable) representation of such awful scenes as the Crucifixion is calculated first to shock, but ultimately to weaken the religious sentiment? Of the hundreds of pictures of the infant Jesus I have seen in Italy, there are not five which did not strike me as utterly unworthy of the subject, allowing that it ought to be represented at all. "Men of Athens!" said the straightforward Paul, "I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious." I think the Italians, quite apart from what is essential to their creed, have this very failing, and that it exerts a debilitating influence on their National character. They need to be cured of it, as well as of the vices I have already indicated, in order that their magnificent country may resume its proper place among great and powerful Nations. I trust I am not warring on the faith of their Church, when I urge that "To do justice and judgment is more acceptable to the Lord than sacrifice"—that no man can be truly devout who is not strictly upright and manly—and that one living purpose of diffusive, practical well-doing, is more precious in the sight of Heaven, than the bones of all the dead Saints in Christendom.

—Farewell, trampled, soul-crushed Italy! n. G.

NEW TRACKS ON OLD ROADS.

I.

PARIS TO COLOGNE—BRUSSELS.

BONN, Saturday, July 12, 1851

To the Editor of The Tribune:

I LEFT Paris at 8 o'clock in the evening of July Fourth, by the express train for Brussels. This train has only first-class cars, arranged in compartments holding eight persons each, granting fair play to sixteen knees and elbows, and space for overcoats or other small articles of baggage—crowding impossible—seats and sides covered with cloth and stuffed with hair—ceilings handsomely finished with curled maple—a lamp in the roof enables one to read easily, which drowsily inclined passengers, preferring darkness to light, can screen by a sliding curtain. These cars are not as favorable to sleep as the best of ours that are provided with spring head-cushions. We reached Brussels at 5 in the morning, having made several stoppages, one of half an hour on the Belgian frontier, where the Customs officers in a very civil and cursory manner slipped their official fingers through our private apparel, giving us as little trouble as possible. By the time this examination was done, daylight had come again, and the country showed finely; well-cultivated fields bearing full crops of grasses, grains and esculents; neat, prosperous villages, and frequent columns of smoke from the engine-fires of coal-mines and iron-forges.

Of Brussels, unless I were to steal boldly from reliable Murray, I can say but little, and that little not to its credit. I bought me a poor breakfast of poor, thin coffee, and a pair of doubtful eggs, for 30 sous. The dull, slow-moving waiter and the feeble coffee painfully contrasted with the smiling, nimble Parisian garçon and his high-flavored cups. The field of Waterloo lies 12 miles from Brussels. The bones of thousands of poor fellows lie in its soil, and guides lie all about it. You are shown the grave and "late" boot of a marquis's leg; also the grave of life-guardsman Shaw, who killed nine Frenchmen in the most glorious manner, and was then killed himself, and is supposed by all true Britons to have gone then "right slap to Heaven, and no questions asked." The battle-field is now cultivated, producing corn and bullets; the latter crop is sold to innocent travelers at high prices.

I was never there, but the above description can be relied on; it is drawn from the most authentic and tedious written and oral sources.

NORTHERN BELGIUM.

For a long way beyond Brussels the road passes through a flat, fertile country, bearing heavy crops. Further on, it becomes more hilly; about Liege beautifully picturesque, but everywhere showing marks of an industrious people, busied in agriculture, mining, or manufactures. Beyond Liege I noticed a clean, new, well-to-do, stiffish air in the buildings, that reminded me of New-England thrift and architecture. Liege itself is a city of 75,000 inhabitants, busy and dirty with manufacturing and coal-dust. Beds of coal are worked under its streets. Persons interested in iron manufacture, geology, historical association and fine scenery, should stay here longer than I was able to. Especially should all travelers who intend to write books (and who is safe, when friends *will* urge the publication of letters written with no view to that end, etc.?) pay a visit of respect to the grave of their great master, the veracious John Mandeville, whose remains lie in a convent just outside the town. The railroad from here to Aix-la-Chapelle is a rare specimen in its kind; the tunnels, of which there are *nineteen*, are all arched with brick. At Verviers we stopped for an hour, and then took the Prussian cars, without bustle or change of ticket, where we were better seated, though the second-class cars here are not quite equal to what one finds on some of the roads running from Paris. At the border town beyond, a Prussian officer asked for our passports, which were returned to us half an hour afterward, at the next station; they had been examined meantime, with no draft on our time or patience. And so, safely but slowly, we came to the Cologne station. Here baggage had to be passed through the Custom House. A number and ticket, indicating weight and freight, had been pasted on my trunk at Paris, a duplicate of which was given to me. When my number was called by one of the Customs officers, I presented the duplicate and opened the trunk; another official slipped his fingers through it and declared all right, while another stamped and returned the duplicate; still another took this and the trunk to an omnibus, whose conductor then became answerable for its safe delivery at my hotel. All this was done in less than five minutes, with the utmost civility and good nature on the part of all the actors, none of whom, except the omnibus man, who receives a moderate fare, is allowed to ask any fee. If a jaded, hungry pilgrim should lose his good temper, or a cross-grained one display his, he will doubtless suffer in spite of the best regulations; but, for the rest, I must say that a passenger's life, limbs and comfort are, on the whole, better cared for here than with us. At 6 o'clock in the afternoon of the 5th, I was dining in the Hotel de Cologne. During the previous twenty-two hours I had traversed the territories of three Governments, and in all that time I was not once hurried or hustled or crowded; had not rushed distractedly through the wrong doors and into the wrong cars, for persons stood ready at all points to guide me aright; nor heard a loud, harsh word from any puffed-up man of brief authority, nor been importuned for a shilling by some one who had forced a penny's service on me, nor been deafened, pulled, plucked or carried off by hackmen, baggage-smashers or hotel-runners. I am really sad to think that a stranger could hardly pass so easily from the Tremont House to the Astor.

PRUSSIAN RAILROADS.

A Prussian railroad has four classes of cars. The first class is quite elegant and expensive, but used only by invalids and noodles, or very inexperienced travelers; the second is as comfortable, and should be taken for long distances when one has ladies in company; a healthy, solitary, masculine traveler should take a seat in the third, which is not cushioned, but clean and well-ordered; by so doing he will save money, paying about one-half the price of first class, and see much more of the manners and nature of the people; nor need any one fear to tarnish his respectability—even a thin, cutaneous respectability—by riding here. If he edges away too much from the poor fellow at his right, he may crowd a learned professor, or wealthy merchant, or sensible traveler on the left. The fourth class is simply an open box. In the first and second class one compartment is set apart for smokers; in the other two one smokes at will. They are well ventilated, however, in fair weather, and one who dislikes tobacco-smoke will escape the annoyance by taking a seat near the windows. I preferred meeting the enemy on their own ground, have taken up smoking, and find it pleasant, not only as a post-prandial recreation, but as a ready means of acquaintance. I cannot tell how many conversations of value have had their beginning in the offer of a cigar or the request for a light. The conductors (there is one to every three cars) pass on the outside of the cars along a little platform, on which passengers have not, as with us, the privilege of standing and breaking their necks. Between stations the doors are locked. Tickets, which must be bought at the stations, give the class, the price, the day of the month and the distance which you are to go, and a reference to the regulations of the company, which are posted in the cars. The conductor checks by tearing off the end of them. There are waiting-rooms at the station-houses, but you are not allowed to go out near the track until the cars are come to a full stop. The regulated speed is a mile (Prussian) in sixteen minutes, less than twenty of our miles per hour. An exception is made in favor of certain express trains. Watchmen stand along the track at intervals of two hundred rods. The "rules and regulations" are made and *enforced* by the general government. All persons connected with the road wear a plain uniform. So far as I have seen, and I have taken some pains to look, they are perfect in their offices; I have found many of them, when off duty, to be intelligent men, and very ready to furnish any information in their power. One of them assured me that in eight years, no accident, not even the breaking of small bones, had occurred between Bonn and Cologne, a distance of eighteen miles, traveled by six daily trains. Regulations analogous to the above, govern the steam navigation of the Rhine, and similar ones rule most of the public conveyances in France. It is true that our American companies could ill afford to employ at American wages (may they never be less) so large a number of persons as are attached to these European ones, and it is also true that Americans, not having passed their whole lives and conducted all their affairs under a strict government tutelage, are better able to take care of themselves, in all the business of life, than a people who move and speak only as the law directs. It is true that the little peccadilloes of competing hackmen are better than that stricter propriety, whose observance is only a severely constrained virtue. But still we might surely take good hints toward improvement in some regards from these French and Prussians—*fas est discere*, &c.

COLOGNE AND ITS CATHEDRAL.

Cologne furnishes two striking instances of the importance of a good name—the one direct, the other inverse. It was, it seems, once justly noted for its foul smells, and having once fallen into bad odor with the writers of guide-books, most travelers feel bound to turn up their noses so soon as they enter its ancient portals, and snuff bad fumes in their own imaginations. This is for the most part pure prejudice. I traversed the main streets and the side streets of this old Roman Colonia, and found them no worse to the nostrils than the streets of other cities. Is Washington-street fragrant? or can Orange-street be likened to a pot of ointment for flavor? Long years ago, one Maria Farina made good Cologne-water, and got him a name; now there are more than twenty manufacturers of the article, all claiming to be the true successors of the original Jean Maria Farina. Indeed, one of the distillers, who very especially declares himself the real Simon Pure, the "original Dr. Townsend," to use an American figure, holds out the idea that he has been making *his* water steadily since 1709.

I will not weary your readers, by adding one to the many descriptions of the great Cathedral. They all are and must be imperfect. It is a great poem in stone and colors. As you look up, one hundred and sixty feet, through the colored light to the vault of the choir, or from the upper roof look down on the carved pinnacles and flying buttresses, you feel for a moment simply—but then you catch yourself wondering, criticizing, comparing what you have read with what you see, and you lose the poem in the notes. With nothing but notes, how can one give an idea of a poem? As with the Iliad and the Niebelungen Lay, nothing is known of the author—his name is guessed at. This grand expression of the old Catholic faith is a fragment, and should remain so. The spirit that it embodied, the people's religion, that it symbolizes, are dead. This is their noblest material monument. For a champagne-drinking, unchristian, Protestant King, to attempt its completion, is a profanation. Of the eleven thousand sets of Virgins' blessed bones in the Church of St. Ursula, perhaps, the less said the better. I saw them with my own eyes, and fully believe in the bones. Indeed, one "cannot get away from it;" the inside of the church is surrounded with bones, big and little, piled closely in cases, arranged in fanciful patterns on the wall, covered with pearl-embroidered caps, &c., &c. They were shown to me by a well-fed, hearty gentleman, who picks a very pretty living off them in the way of fees. He told me, what I was very glad to hear, that the word "*Virgines*," as applied to St. Ursula's companions, was used in one of its original Latin significations, meaning *pure persons* of either sex. It was a comfort to know, even at this late day, that there were not eleven thousand girls killed by those Huns; that the misfortune fell on men as well.

BONN.

Being one day in the Cathedral of Cologne, I had the unexpected fortune to meet with an old friend, whom I had not seen since we parted at Cambridge, ten years ago. He took me up to Bonn, where, in the snug little gasthof of the "Swan," kept by one Herr Honnecker, he procured me good accommodation, at moderate prices. There, over a cup of tea, flavored with vanilla, (!) we talked over old college days, and then laid plans for some excursions on foot, which we carried out during the following week. Of one of those journeys "across-lots" up the Valley of the Ahr, and then back again to the Rhine, coming into the quaint old city of Andernach late one evening, I will say something in my next. Mr. T. has lived nearly two years in Germany, and become familiar with the manners and customs of its people. By his help, I learned more of the condition and feelings of the working classes in this part of Germany, in the course of a week, than could be gathered from a year's residence in first-class hotels, such as are usually frequented by travelers. For the present, a word or two about Bonn. It is a cleanly, still little city, of about 16,000 inhabitants, with two churches worth looking at, and a University that has been distinguished by the lectures of Niebuhr and A. W. Schlegel, who now rest in the little churchyard, and where old Arndt and Dahlmann, the historian of the French and English Revolutions, still read. Kinkel was also a professor here. There are some fifteen hundred well-behaved students in the University, who wear gayly-colored caps, smoke an astonishing deal of tobacco, (which, together with elegant porcelain pipes and amber mouth-pieces, is sold in shops innumerable,) and are said to be deeply versed in the irregular verbs and exceptional declensions; geology and natural history receive also a fair share of attention. Prince Albert studied here. Klemen's Ruhe, which was formerly one of the many residences of the Archbishops of Cologne, (who, by agreement with the Colognese, were bound not to pass a night in that city,) is now one of the University buildings. It contains a valuable cabinet of natural history, through which we were conducted by Professor Roemer. This gentleman passed some time in America, whence he returned two years since, bringing with him contributions to the cabinet, mostly from Texas. He is just now getting out a book on America, that will be of great practical worth. He showed us here a King of Rats, (Ratten-konig,) a *lusus naturæ* sufficiently remarkable to merit a description. This specimen was composed of six individual rats, whose tails became so knotted together, so complexly and inextricably searled and intertwisted in their earlier infancy, that they could not, on arriving at a proper age, be separated. In this condition they grew up to mature rathood, and were so found a few years ago in the ruins of an old building at Cologne. They were brought alive to one of the professors. It is supposed that they must have been fed by contributions from the rats of their vicinage, being, like other kings, utterly unfit to take care of themselves. Although the word "Rattenkonig" is an old one in the German language, and common people were often to be met with who declared they had seen a veritable King of the Rats, yet the scientific world held his existence in doubt until this curious instance settled the question.

NATURAL MUMMIES.

Some two miles back of the city, on the hill Kreuzberg, is an old church which is the goal of many pilgrimages. It contains the stairs that led to Pilate's Judgment-seat. In the vaults underneath lie the bodies of twenty-five monks, whose flesh has been drying on their bones these hundreds of years, instead of all wasting back to earth, as is the wont of dead monks' flesh—natural mummies, whom I did not go in to see, having small regard for individuals whose chief merit was hardly to live when they did live, and who even seemed to die more lazily than others. I preferred rather to look down toward Cologne, over the broad, full fields of grain. Holding the stomachs of contemporaries of vastly more worth than the names and legends of ancient barons, let them have been never so great scoundrels, I cannot think this flat part of the Rhine valley uninteresting. Considering that the stability of any Western European Government depends far more on the abundance of the year's harvest than on any diplomacy or decrees of council, I cannot find a flat, cultivated region, by any means destitute of historical association. Pleasant to the eye, however, looking across and up the Rhine, are the Siebengeburge and Godesberg, and the vineyards on the hill-sides. On the summit of Petersberg is a church dedicated to St. Peter, and close by it is a diminutive statue of the Saint, a sturdy little stone Peter; with the keys clutched tightly, and his head thrown a little backward, he looks straight out into space, as if bidding a general defiance to the universe. Not many years ago, in a dry time, the inhabitants of the plain below came up to this church, praying St. Peter to send them rain. Now the people of the high ground live by the vine culture, and not wishing rain for their crop, protested against the grain-growers asking it of their saint, who was a dry St. Peter, belonging especially to them, and actually drove the suppliants violently down the hill. The story is, I believe, a true one, and was told me as a striking example of Catholic ignorance and superstition and uncharitableness. I was not as much surprised as my informant anticipated, having known several analogous cases among our Protestant Churches at home. C. K. G.

New Island in the Mediterranean.

The remarkable phenomenon of islands rising in the sea, through the effect of volcanic eruptions, seems to have been repeated of late years. We learn from our European journals that an island in the Mediterranean, which appeared some time since, and then sank, has given symptoms of reappearance. An island of considerable size emerged from the sea in 1831, between Sicily and Pantellaria, during an extraordinary volcanic eruption. It was visited and explored, and even three nations contended for its possession. England and France both planted their banner on it, while it lay in the maritime domain of Naples; but after a short time it again vanished in the sea. According to the accounts, it has again shown itself within a few months, and though still ten feet under water, the Captain of the English ship "Scourge" has taken possession of it the second time for the British crown, by raising the British flag on its fluctuating surface.

The prospect of this island again appearing above the level of the sea, gives a new interest to the history of its first formation in 1831. We gather the principal facts on this subject from our German files.

During its ephemeral existence in 1831, this island received seven different names: Corrao, from the man who claimed to be its first discoverer; Hotham Island, in honor to the British Vice-Admiral Hotham, who sent several vessels to explore the new island; Nerita; Graham's Island; Julia, in reference to the month in which it arose from the sea; and finally, Ferdinandia or Isola di Fernando I., because it was situated in the sea pertaining to the Kingdom of Naples.

Its position was nearly midway between the city of Sciacca, in Sicily, and the volcanic island Pantellaria, about two miles from each point. Before the event of 1831, the sea was 600 feet deep at this spot. On the 28th of June, 1831, a ship sailing over the spot felt the shock of an earthquake, which was also felt very plainly from that day to July 2 in Sciacca. On the 8th of July, the captain of a Sicilian brig, Mr. Tricletti, observed on that spot a mountain of water, as large as a ship of the line, rising with a noise like thunder to the hight of 80 feet. It remained at this hight for about ten minutes, then sunk down, giving place to thick clouds of smoke, which broke forth from the sea, and after about a quarter of an hour were suppressed by the mass of water which again arose. Corra, a ship-captain, saw the same thing on the 10th of July. He reckoned the hight of the smoke-clouds at about 1,800 feet. On the 18th of July, he discovered, at the place of the water-spout, a small island, projecting about 12 feet from the sea. It had a crater, from which ascended an immense volume of steam, accompanied with frequent eruptions. The sea was covered with floating scoria and dead fish. These had also been floated down in great numbers to the Sicilian coast, near Sciacca, on the 12th of July. The eruptions continued, and the island gradually increased in hight and circumference.

The late Prussian geologist, Fr. Hoffman, visited the spot on the 24th of July, and described the appearance of the eruptions and the island itself. The accounts of Carlo Gemellaro, Osborne, Swineburne, Arago, Constant Prevost, and Wright, who subsequently sailed around the island, confirmed the description of Hoffman, who made another attempt at landing on the 25th of August. J. Davy, who also visited the island, collected all the descriptions that had been given up to October 22. On the 29th of September, Prevost and Arago found the circumference of the island to be 2,150 feet, and the greatest hight 215 feet. They confirmed the opinion that it was only an accumulation of loose volcanic matter, and saw the white vapor everywhere still ascending from the orange-colored water within the crater. On the 28th of December the island again disappeared, and only a tall column of water arose.

THE NEAPOLITAN GOVERNMENT.

Diabolical Cruelty of the King of the Two Sicilies toward Carlo Poerio and other Republicans.

MR. GLADSTONE, the Tory Representative of the University of Oxford in the British Parliament, has addressed a series of letters to Lord Aberdeen, exposing the cruelty exhibited by the Neapolitan Government in its treatment of the Republicans of Rome who are alleged to have been implicated in the Revolutionary movements of 1848. The *London Times*—a paper whose bitter hostility to Republicanism is only equaled by its zeal in the cause of Legitimacy—notices these letters, and is forced to acknowledge that they "expose to the world facts which certainly 'amount to a gross outrage on the very character of justice, and on all the laws of good faith, 'decency and mercy," and which are "enough 'to warrant the severest censure which civilized 'Europe can inflict."

The case which Mr. Gladstone puts forward most strongly is that of CARLO POERIO, whom the *Times* describes as a distinguished Neapolitan gentleman, blameless in character, eloquent and accomplished, and universally known in Italy for his attachment to constitutional principles in the most moderate sense of that word. As a public man, none could stand higher in the veneration of his fellow-countrymen. After the Constitution had been proclaimed, Poerio became one of the Ministers of the Crown, and occupied a conspicuous place in the Neapolitan Parliament. His resignation, when it was subsequently offered, was at first declined, and his advice asked even after its acceptance. Such is the man who has since been made the victim of a State prosecution, marked with every kind of turpitude, and who is now undergoing martyrdom—the word is not too strong—for the very services he was called upon to render to the Crown. In July, 1849, he received an anonymous letter warning him to fly, for that the Gov-